gods men worship. There is a pathetic little story, nothing in itself, which is a parable of Gauguin's failure that he himself could not read. He returned one day from Papeete, triumphant: he had heard that in the Marquesas you could still buy a girl model for a handful of sweets ! He ordered a sackful, and left Punaauia, with that honied ' trade/ for the last corner of the old gods' realm. There, at least, as even the unfriendly witness testifies, he would to the end ' forget his pain in speaking of his art/

That his art is peculiarly difficult for a lay-man to understand cannot be gainsaid. He made, of course, no effort whatever to reproduce ' nature/ even although he made no actual *effort,* like some moderns, to distort it. The picture that is in essence a coloured photograph is the picture still that the ordinary man prefers, and the picture that Gauguin painted is as unlike that as a picture can well be and remain a picture. But

the master-
artist does not *see* coloured
photographs. His eye,
or more truly his mind, sees something
other than
the play of light and shade, the range
of colour,
the intersection of outline that those
who have not
his eye or mind discern. He is
concerned to pro-